

A verie serious businesse call's on him:  
The great prerogative and rite of loue,  
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,  
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets  
Which they distill now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming houre oreflow with ioy,  
And pleasure drowne the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,  
And make this haft as your owne good proceeding,  
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke  
May make it probable neede.

*Hel.* What more commands hee?

*Par.* That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I waite vpon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so. *Exit Par.*

*Hel.* I pray you come firrah. *Exit*

*Enter Lafew and Bertram.*

*Laf.* But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a  
souldier.

*Ber.* Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approue.

*Laf.* You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimonie.

*Laf.* Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke  
for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you my Lord he is very great in know-  
ledge, and accordinglie valiant.

*Laf.* I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and  
transgressed against his valour, and my state that way is  
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:  
Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will pur-  
sue the amitie.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* These things shall be done fir.

*Laf.* Pray you fir whose his Tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O I know him well, I fir, hee firs a good worke-  
man, a verie good Tailor.

*Ber.* Is shee gone to the king?

*Par.* Shee is.

*Ber.* Will shee away to night?

*Par.* As you'le haue her.

*Ber.* I haue writ my letters, caskerted my treasure,  
Giuen order for our horses, and to night,  
When I should take possession of the Bride,  
And ere I doe begin.

*Laf.* A good Trauailer is something at the latter end  
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vses a  
known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should  
bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Cap-  
taine.

*Ber.* Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and  
you Monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I haue deserued to run into my  
Lords displeasure.

*Laf.* You haue made shift to run into't, booties and  
spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and  
out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question  
for your residence.

*Ber.* It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.

*Laf.* And shall doe so ever, though I tooke him at's  
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleue this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule  
of this man is his cloathes: Trust him not in matter of  
heauie consequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know  
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better  
of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but  
we must do good against euill.

*Par.* An idle Lord, I sweare.

*Ber.* I thinke so.

*Par.* Why do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech  
Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I haue fir as I was commanded from you  
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue  
For present parting, onely he desires  
Some priuate speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not meruaile *Helena* at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration, and required office  
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not  
For such a businesse, therefore am I found

So much vnsted: This driues me to intreate you,  
That presently you take your way for home,  
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,  
For my respects are better then they seeme,  
And my appointments haue in them a neede  
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother,  
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so  
I leaue you to your wisdome.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient seruant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And euer shall

With true obseruance seeke to ceke out that  
Wherein toward me my homely statres haue faild  
To equall my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farwell:  
Hie home.

*Hel.* Pray fir your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,

Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,  
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale

What law does vouch mine owne.

*Ber.* What would you haue?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeede,  
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

*Ber.* I pray you stay not, but in haft to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:  
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell. *Exit*

*Ber.* Go thou toward home, where I will neuer come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Brauely, Coragio.

### Actus Tertius.

*Flourish.* *Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,  
with a troope of souldiers.*

*Duke.* So that from point to point, now haue you heard

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more thirsts after.

*Lord.* Holy seemes the quarrell

Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we meruaile much our Cousin France  
Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*French E.* Good my Lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,

But like a common and an outward man,

That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,

By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not

Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found

My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile

As often as I guest.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*French G.* But I am sure the yonger of our nature,

That surfet on their ease, will day by day

Come heere for Physicke.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they bee:

And all the honors that can flye from vs,

Shall on them settle: you know your places well,

When better fall, for your auailes they fell,

To morrow to th the field. *Flourish.*

*Enter Countesse and Clowne.*

*Count.* It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue  
that he comes not along with her.

*Clow.* By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-  
rie melancholly man.

*Count.* By what obseruance I pray you.

*Clow.* Why he will looke ypon his booke, and sing:

mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke

his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trickes of

melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

*Lad.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means

to come.

*Clow.* I haue no minde to Isbell since I was at Court.

Our old Lings, and our Isbels a'th Country, are nothing

like your old Ling and your Isbels a'th Court: the brains

of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an

old man louts money, with no stomacke.

*Lad.* What haue we heere?

*Clow.* In that you haue there. *exit*

*A Letter.*

I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the  
King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her,  
and sworne to make her not eternall. You shall heare I am

runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee  
breath enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My  
duty to you. *Your vnfortunate sonne,  
Bertram.*

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy.

To flye the fauours of so good a King,

To plucke his indignation on thy head,

By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous

For the contempt of Empire.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* O Madam, yonder is heauenewes within be-  
tweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

*Lad.* What is the matter.

*Clow.* Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some

comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought

he would.

*Lad.* Why should he be kill'd?  
*Clow.* So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he  
does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of  
men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they  
come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your  
sonne was run away.

*Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.*

*French E.* Saue you good Madame.

*Hel.* Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

*French G.* Do not say so.

*Lad.* Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,

I haue felt so many quirkies of ioy and greefe, that I

That the first face of neither on the start

Can woman me vttoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

*French G.* Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Flo-

rence.

We met him thitherward, for thence we came

And after some dispatch in hand at Court,

Thither we bend againe.

*Hel.* Look on his Letter Madame, here's my Passport.

When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, which neuer

shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie,

that I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then)

I write a Letter.

This is a dreadfull sentence.

*Lad.* Brought you this Letter Gentleman?

*French G.* I Madam, and for the Contents take are forrie

for our paines.

*Old Lad.* I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,

If thou engroffest, all the greefes are thine,

Thou robst me of a moiety: He was my sonne,

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

*French G.* I Madam.

*Lad.* And to be a souldier.

*French G.* Such is his noble purpose, and beleue't

The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor

That good conuenience claimes.

*Lad.* Returne you thither.

*French E.* I Madam, with the swift wing of speed,

*Hel.* Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,

'Tis bitter.

*Lad.* Finde you that there?

*Hel.* I Madame.

*French E.* 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which

his heart was not consenting too.

*Lad.* Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:

There's nothing heere that is too good for him

But onely she, and she deserues a Lord

That twenty such rude boyes might tead vpon,

And call her hourly Mistris. Who was with him?

*French E.* A seruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I

haue sometime knowne.

*Lad.* Parolles was it not?

*French E.* I my good Ladie, hee.

*Lad.* A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,

My sonne corrupts a well deserued nature

With his inducement.

*French E.* Indeede good Ladie the fellow has a deale of

that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

*Lad.* Yare welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you

when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can

neuer winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate

X

you